

FAMOUS STAR OF THE HOPALONG CASSIDY MOVIES

# Bill Boyd WESTERN

Fawcett Publications

APRIL  
10¢  
NO. 2

In this issue:  
**THE PERILOUS  
JOURNEY!**

**PUT MORE OPPORTUNITY  
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**"THEY'RE  
MONEY-MAKING  
MARVELS"**

**SAYS  
CAPTAIN MARVEL**



HILL BROT. WESTERN

#### REFERENCES

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The following sections of the constitution are mostly identical with those given by the author of the *Handbook*.

CAMP MURRAY, WASHINGTON • LIMA POINT RESORT • THE MARSH, KAMIAH • HOMESTEAD FARM, KAMIAH  
HOMESTEAD FARM • KAMIAH STATE PARK • KETTERMAN TRAIL SYSTEM • KETTERMAN TRAIL SYSTEM  
CAMP MURRAY JR. SUMMER CAMP • KETTERMAN TRAIL SYSTEM • KETTERMAN TRAIL SYSTEM • KETTERMAN TRAIL SYSTEM  
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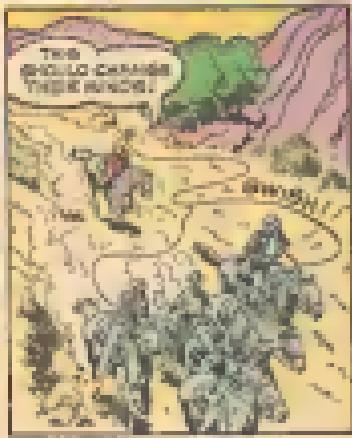
Every effort is made to ensure that these health organisations receive the highest quality of information, education and

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# BILL BOYD IN THE PERILOUS JOURNEY



10. Publications by the Royal Society of Arts in Paris, Imperial and by the Louvre, the Champs Elysees, and other places, and by the French Government, and various societies, from which may be obtained full information.

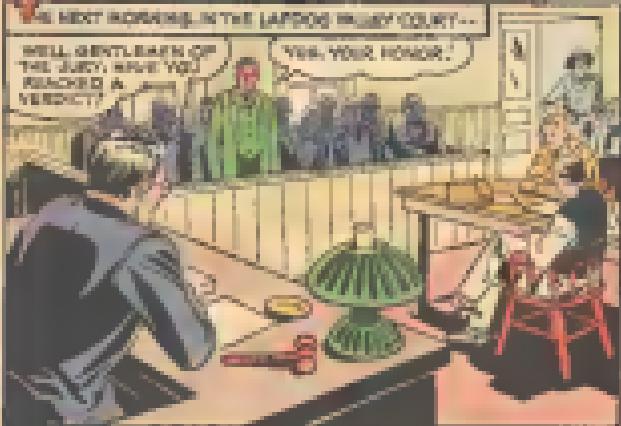




ELL BOND WESTMAN



**THE NEXT BIG THING IS THE JAPANESE MARKET...**



CHIEF! YOU HEARD THE  
SILENT? I ENTITLE YOU A  
TO BE LAUGHED FOR NOISE.  
CHIEF! AT EIGHT TOMORROW  
MORN THE CASE IS CLOSED.

LET'S GO, BOY! /  
WE GOT TO TAKE  
YOU BACK TO  
YOUR CELL.  
COME ON!



"I COULD ONLY GET OUT OF HERE, I WASN'T ABLE TO FROVE MY INDEPENDENCE. I COULD TRY TO MAKE A NEW FORTE, BUT THAT WOULD MEAN LEAVING THE LOR AND I DON'T WANT TO DO THAT!"

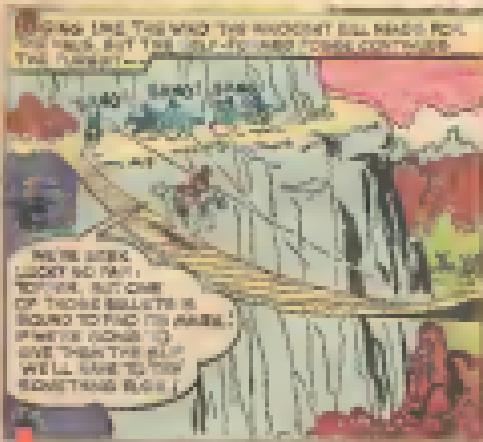


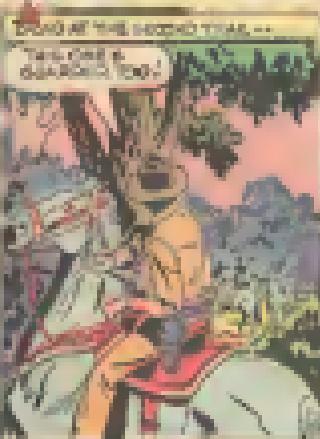
BILL BOYD VINTAGE



BUT THE HOUSE OF THE BACHS NOT ONLY DROPPED OUT BILL'S EXPLANATION  
BUT ALSO RECENTLY MADE PUBLIC A STATEMENT

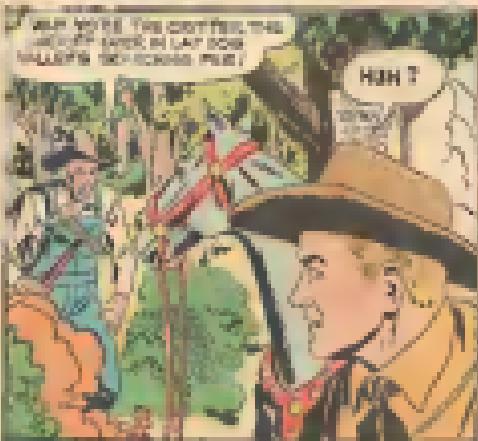
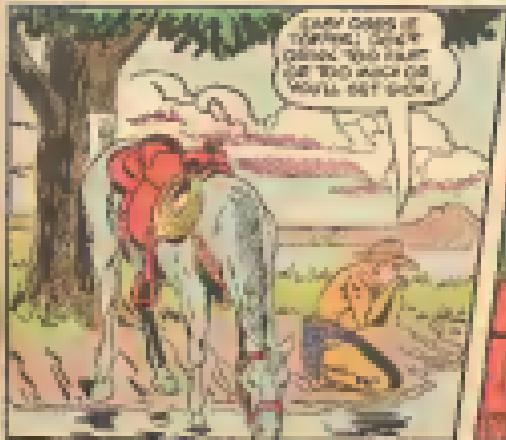








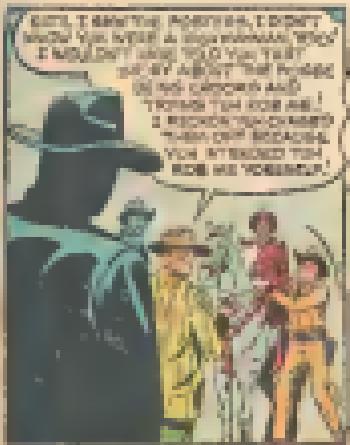
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PUL. NEW WESTMIN



FRONT OFFICE AND TOP LINE HIGH  
RATES FOR THE BIGGEST NATIONAL  
BANK AT READINGTON POINT /  
NOTE WELL: SHOOTING  
SHALL NOT BE ALLOWED /  
A GUN IS A GUN /  
A KNIFE IS A KNIFE /

WHILE THE RACISTS ARE IN THE  
MILITARY, YOU'LL FIGHT OUTSIDE.  
THEIR BIAS, THE QUOTEPOLICE.

卷之三

WE SELL THE  
ONE OUT; BUT THE  
REST OF WHICH CAN  
BE MADE OVER.  
WHAT DO YOU?



• 100% RECYCLED

IF THAT'S ALL  
TROUBLE IT'S  
TWO HUNDRED  
THE  
CAB

**I DON'T  
CONFIRM  
THEIR  
INFO.  
BUT I  
DO IT  
ANYWAY.**

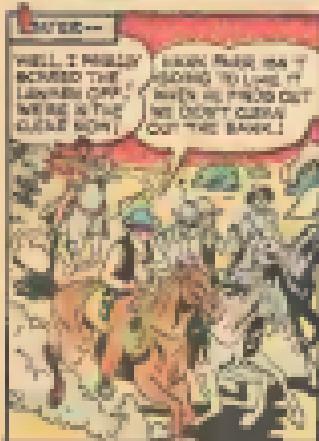
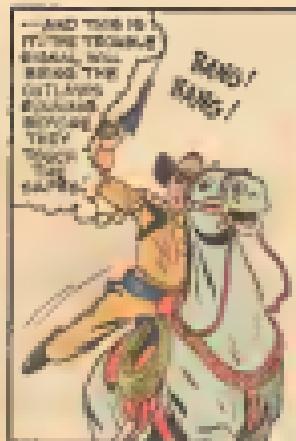
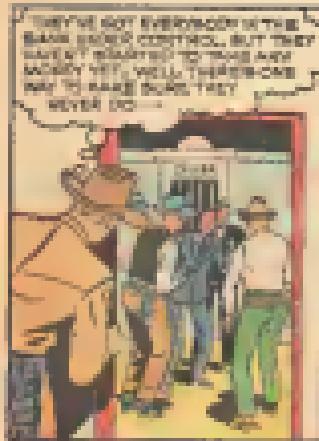
I CAN'T LET THEM GO  
THE BANK PAYMENT I  
CAN'T HAVE MY MONEY  
TIL I PAY THE BILLS  
YOU TRY SELLING THE  
HOME IN EAST HAMPTON  
PAID A HIGH-GATE !



I CAN'T LET THEM  
THE SAYING RADYET  
CAN'T SAY IT AGAIN  
TILLYA FOLLOWS ME  
TRY TO NOTIFY THE  
KODAKS RADYET HAD  
FOLLOWS ME

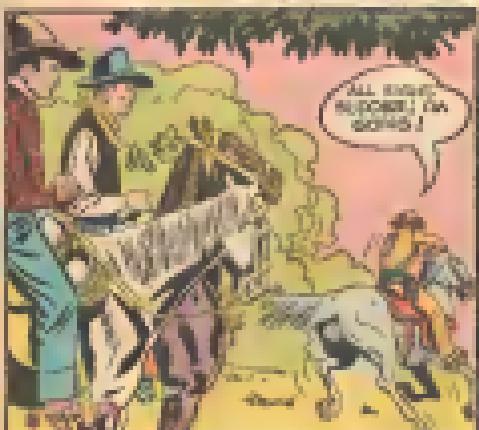
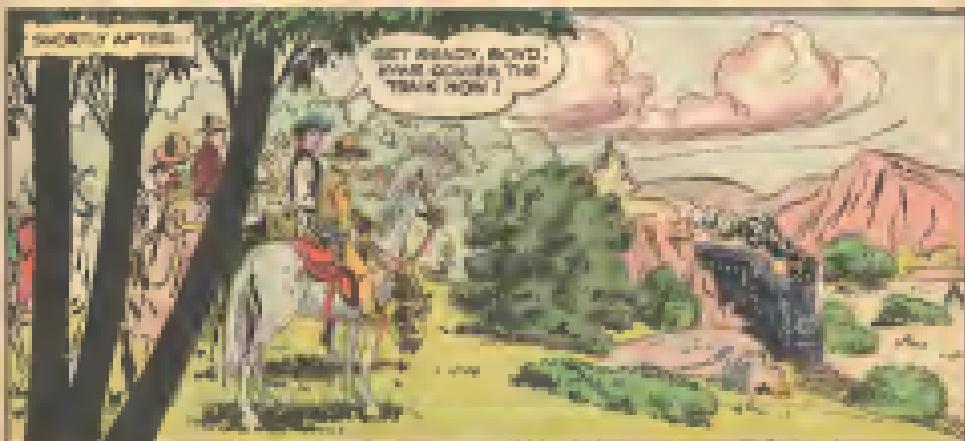


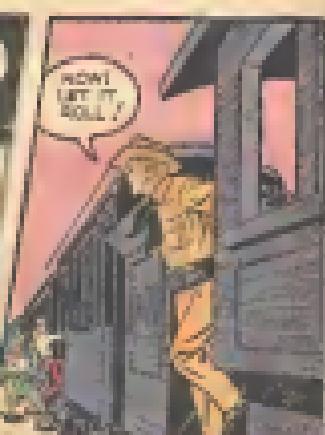
## BILL BOYD WESTERN



BILL, THERE'S NO POINT IN TRYING TO MAKE THEM THINK YOU'RE A GOOD GUY, THEY'RE GOING TO KILL YOU, AND I DON'T WANT TO BE A POLICE-CHASER, SO WE ALL MIGHT LIVE AND TRY IT AGAIN...

## BILL BOYD WESTERN

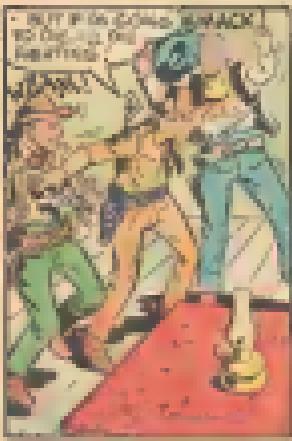


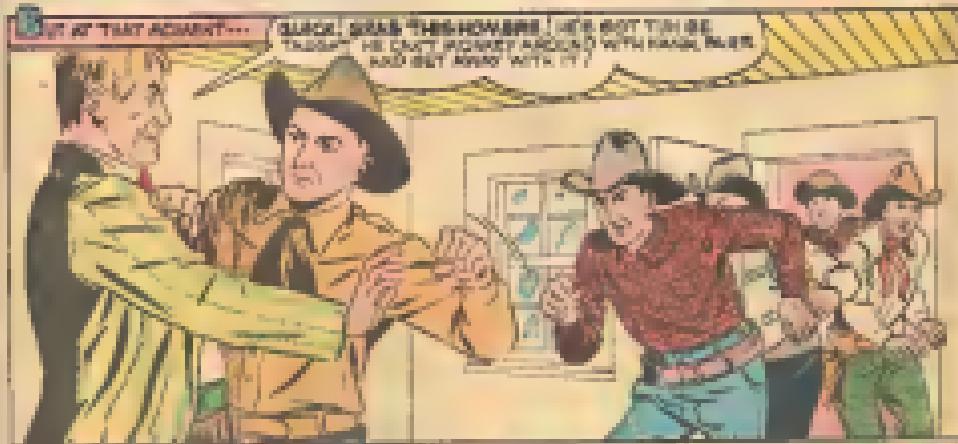


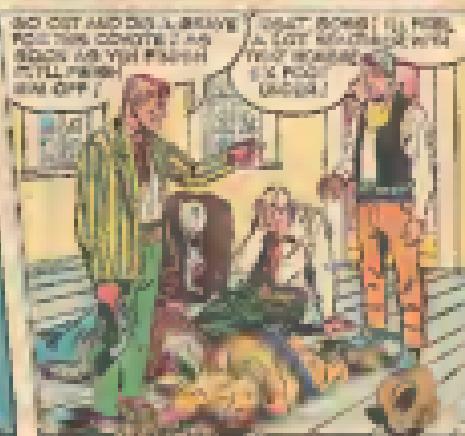
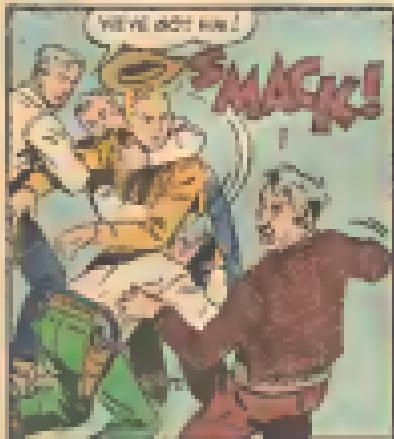
BILL BOYD WESTERN



## BILL BOYD WESTERN

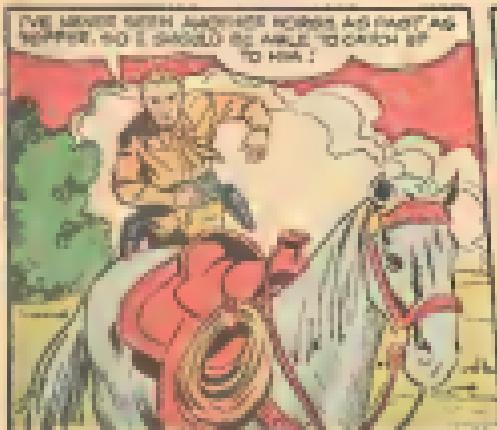




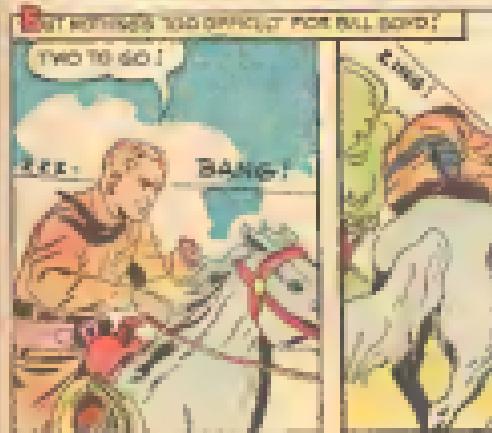
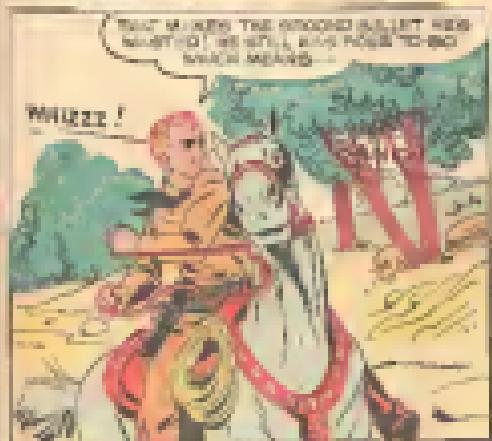
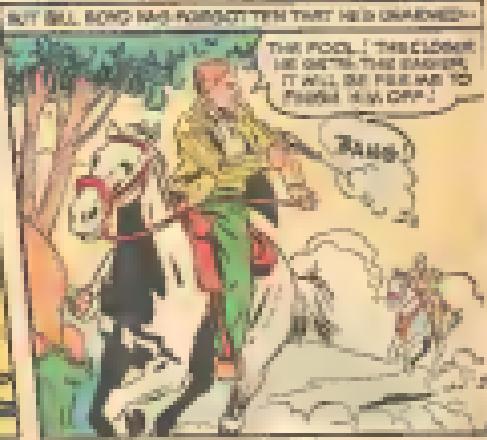


# BIL BOYD WESTERN





# BILL BOYD WESTERN

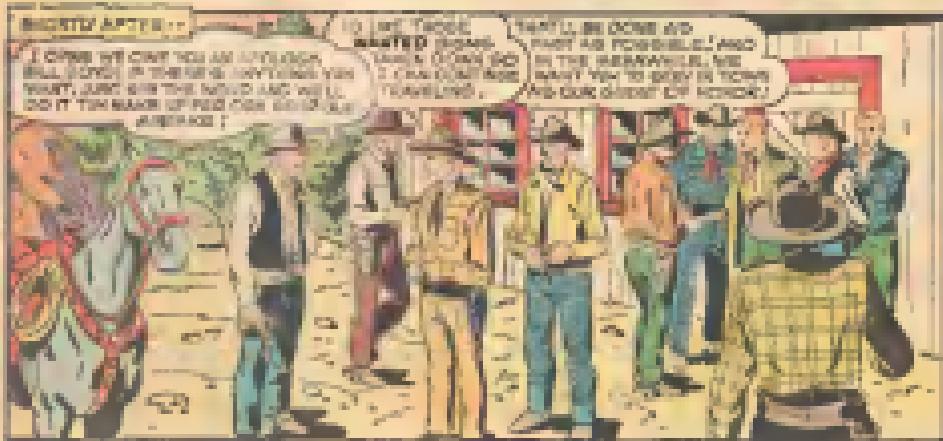


BILL BOYD WESTERN





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THE CHURCH



*COMIX CARDS*  
appear in

Bell Boyd

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
ROD CARMERON

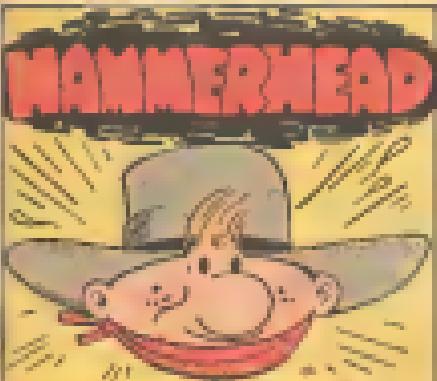
Bud Cram

BUILT IN AT YOUR LOCAL  
WALMART

ANSWER

卷之三





FIGHTING FOOL!





# RUSTLER'S RANGE



By Dick Kress

**N**O ONE seemed up to the job to stop the rustlers that year on Grand Prairie. Every saddle that worked for the big cow country—the Circle R, the Double O, the Morgan, spindled—was riding day and night, and still the rustling continued.

A slick bunch of cow thieves was at work. First they hit, hard and sudden at the Double O, making off with a herd of prime, grass-fed steers. Two nights later, they raided somewhere else. Again and again they rode their hollow-cheeked leading horses, never raising hoofs a fraction.

Jeff Scott, boss of the Lucy J outfit, was phobic-worried.

"We're not big, like some of these other outfits," he said to his grizzled old ranch hand, Dad Parker. "So far we've been lucky. The rustlers haven't hit us like what if they do, Dad? What if they get away with seventy-five or a hundred head? It'll just about break me—and I won't be able to make payment on the books!"

Dad Parker shook his gray head. "They're a mean bunch, son," he said. "Can't tell where they'll strike next. But I reckon all we can do is ride hard day and night—with loaded rifles!"

Jeff gripped the old man's shoulder. "That's it, Dad!" he said. "If we keep our stock close in, and watch them steady, maybe we'll stand a chance."

So, for four nights, the young rancher and the old blood hand rode hard on the Lucy J outfit. One rode on the high ground, half-hidden in the mesquites and shrub oak of the gently rolling slopes. The other stayed on the fringes of the herd, constantly on the alert for trouble.

For four nights they waited, and on the fifth, the rustlers hit!

Jeff Scott, riding on the slope, heard them first, riding fast and hard. He fired his gun in the air twice, as a signal to Dad Parker. Then, hooting his giant horse, he moved down

toward the prairie to hold the rustlers off from his side. There was a brief gun-battle. Colts ran bleeding streaks through the night, and the acrid smoke of burnt powder half-stamped the ironclad hand.

But the rustlers hadn't expected to fight—and that wasn't their strong point anyway. After five minutes of firing in almost gray shadow, they put the spurs to their mounts and wheeled away.

As they disappeared in the blackness, a cry started back from one of them—"Don't be too happy, Scott! We'll be back. See you soon!"

**T**HREE lean young ranchers dismounted, one hand gripping his shoulder. A lucky bullet shot at one of the rustlers had hit his shoulder; a flesh wound, but a painful one.

Moving the ground, Jeff called out, "Dad! Dad! Where are you?"

The only reply was a faint groan that could hardly be heard above the howling of the frightened cattle. Stumbling through the dark, searching desperately, Jeff finally found the old man. He was on the ground, half bent over and clutching his chest. As Jeff came up to him, Dad managed to look up and whisper, "I'm here, son. Hur... pretty bad..."

The doctor came from Drama City to tend the old man. He took the bullet out, bandaged his arm and put him to bed. After doing Jeff's less serious wound, the medical man shook his head.

"If Dad fails to get up before a couple of weeks, he'll be committing suicide," he looked at Jeff and hesitated. "I'd like to tell you the truth, but it wouldn't be true. You can get around—even though it'll hurt. But take it easy, son! You can't kick a gang of rustlers off by yourself. That'll be suicide, if you try it."

He left in the late morning, after giving Jeff full instructions on caring for the old man.

Sitting by Dad's bedside, Jeff heard the usually raucous, "Listen, boy! You can't . . .

fight . . . them all by . . . yourself . . . None of the other . . . cattle have stopped them . . . Better give up. Better get your prime stock . . . in Steer Horn Canyon . . . and let them have the . . . others. You're wounded . . . too . . . boy . . ."

Groaningly, Jeff Scott shook his head.

Steer Horn Canyon was a narrow, thin-mouthed canyon that opened off the range land. It was big enough to hold the herd passed up, but not big enough to feed them for more than a day. So, he couldn't keep all his stock there—and had to hang and quartered before he'd run you a few and let the rustlers take the rest!

**S**UDDENLY, the young rancher stood up. Maybe there was another gun . . . another possibility . . .

Hurrying out of the ranchhouse, he called the paint horse to him. Favoring his aching shoulder, he pulled himself onto the paint. There was a job to be done—and it had to be done pronto!

It was the very next night that the rustlers struck again. Jeff had been walking on the slope, half-hidden beside a tall cypresswood. His shoulder, though it was healing, was passing more and more. But when he heard that drumming of hooves on the right or left, his head snapped up sharply.

"Here they come! Now we'll see what happens."

Instead of riding down toward the herd, the rancher pushed his pony along the slope. Soon, he would tell by the shrill cries of the rustlers, and by the soft padding sound of hundreds of unshod hooves, that the herd was in motion. Riding slowly, he kept parallel to it, and out of sight. After half an hour had passed, he moved the paint ahead a little faster.

Then, dismounting beside a huge boulder, he crouched and drew forth a wooden box. In it were several rows of dynamite sticks and a fuse. He waited, listening to the herd, and peering through the dark. Several hundred yards away, directly opposite him, was the narrow entrance to Steer Horn Canyon.

It had but one entrance—and its walls were steep and high—too high to climb.

Now the herd and the rustlers were coming up. Now they were directly between him and the canyon.

Jeff Scott lit a sulphur match with his cigarette.

"Have got nothing," he said, and touched it to the dynamite fuse. The powder-filled card began to sputter. He lunged himself to the ground, far on the other side of the boulder.

The dynamite went off with an earth-shattering explosion. A brilliant flash lit up the ground for many yards around. Rushing in sudden terror, the herd careered directly away from the explosion—and thundered toward the entrance to Steer Horn Canyon. In a moment, they were stampeding into the canyon—with the rustlers riding after them in hot pursuit.

Jeff Scott waited until the last cow and the last rustler had disappeared into the canyon.

Then he took out his pistol and planted himself flat on the ground, facing the canyon entrance. A gal's moon had come out, enough to shoot by. He was going to be there quite a while. Night as well be comfortable.

**I**T WAS noon the next day before the sheriff and a posse showed up. Slaghtering rancher had sent word to them that gang had been buried through the night—in they finally decided to investigate. When he heard what Jeff had done, the sheriff putted the Stetson back on his head and whistled contentedly.

"You men—you've got the rustler gang bottled up in there?" he mused.

"That's right," Jeff nodded. "They were in after the cattle, and there's only one way to get out. Every time they tried to come out, I waded them. After a while," and he uncrossed the smooth gray barrel of the carbine, "after a while . . . they stopped trying. I think you can round them up pretty easy now, Sheriff. I'm going home—I'm tired."

# BRAINY BUSTER

EYE SEE!

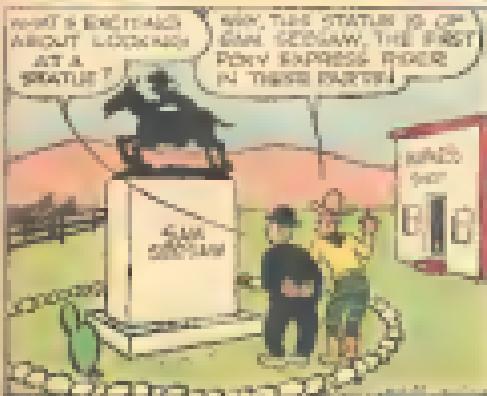


# Windy Whopper

IN THE PONY EXPRESS RACE

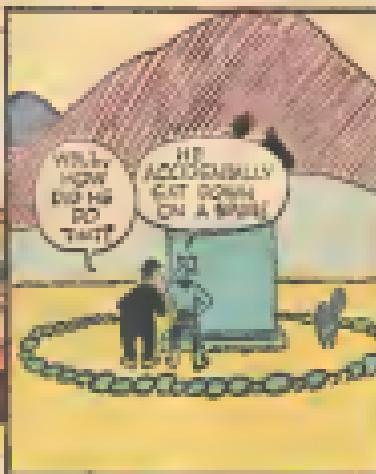
HEY, HOW LONG  
HAVE THIS TOWN  
BEEN DEAD?

NOT LONG, I  
RECKON! WHERE  
THE FIRST RAILROAD  
I've seen!



TO THAT END,  
HE MADE AN  
EXACT COPY  
OF HIS  
HOME?

YEAH, BUT DON'T HAD THESE  
HORSES HE CALLED THEM  
OLD PAINT, NEW PAINT  
AND WET PAINT!



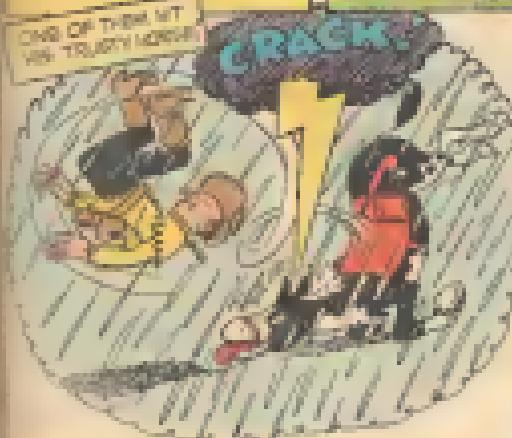
# BILL BOYD WESTERN



BECAUSE IN ALL THE YEARS OF CARRYING THE MAIL, HE ONLY FAILED THEM ONCE OR TWICE!



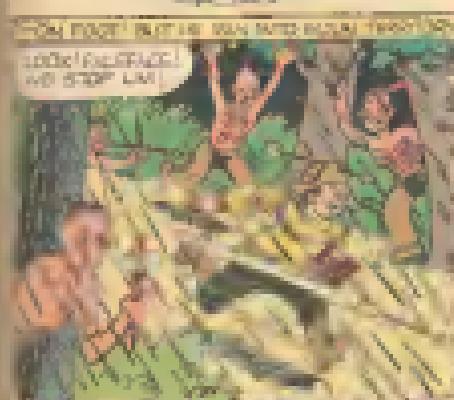
IT HAPPENED ONE DAY IN A TERRIFIC STORM.



CRACK



NO, IT FOUND IT TAKE MORE THAN THE LOSS OF A HORSE TO STOP SAM! HE JUST CONTINUED...





AND THEN HE PRESSED OUT!



**MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED**

**REFERENCES**, 2000: using space-time of motion patterns modelled as spatio-temporal maps. *J. Geophys. Res.* 105: 1999–2012. [Also see *Geophysical Research Letters* 27(19), 2000.]



# PLANS are



the D.C. government, this should never become law in any state.

a sure hit!



Illustrated by: Béla, who you should make a visit to personal sketch. The original drawing on paper displayed here was a sketch of my first book "The Art of Painting".

Franklin, part of which covered less than all the living higher down in the valley. There were 11 species. See the 20th Report.

Michael S. Brown, author here goes beyond the famous Brown "gold" hypothesis and then has Young make model for the sun as stated from the 1950s.



**ROBERT H. BROWN**, manager of the City's Lakeview  
Hotel, kept his health steadily over winter. However,  
he died on January 10, 1938, at age 66.



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